

The Evening World First.

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The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1904..... 10,652 1/2

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1903..... 8,285 1/2

Increase..... 2,367

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New York
EVER carried in regular editions in nine consecutive months
such a volume of display advertising as the Evening World
carried during the first nine months 1904.

IN THREE YEARS THE EVENING WORLD HAS
MOVED TO THE FIRST PLACE.

FERRY-BOATS AND SAFETY.

The gratifying feature of the East River collision was the coolness and business-like attention to duty of all officially concerned. From the captain of the City of Lowell down to the deckhands of the ferry-boat every employee seems to have done in the emergency what he was called on to do, and in a sane and common-sense way. There was no panic among the passengers. The life-preservers seen floating on the surface of the water where the Columbia went down bore mute testimony to an inspection which had inspected. The entire absence of anything suggesting a scandal of incompetency will be noted, with relief.

But consideration of coolheadedness and human efficiency will not obscure the fact that the Columbia was an old boat, which should long ago have been replaced by one of modern type, and that when she was cut into by a vessel proceeding under reduced headway "her ribs and planking crumpled like a pasteboard box." Nor will it escape notice that the small cargo of passengers greatly reduced the conditions of danger. With the crowd of the later rush hour on board neither the hawseers of the City of Lowell nor the boat's complement of life-preservers would have availed to prevent loss of life.

In view of what might have happened fate dealt leniently with the Columbia. But is the lesson to be lost on the East River ferry companies because there were no fatalities to emphasize it? Are boats of obsolete construction to be continued in service through a false policy of economy which may any day prove most costly? Safety is as much a right of the passenger on the East River as on the North, and the unsinkable boat of substantial construction as much a need for traffic on one river as on the other. The superior boats of the North River lines have established a standard to which their self-interest as well as the public safety demands that the East River companies should conform.

Thirst for Knowledge and Crime.—The Madison street boy who committed a series of forgeries to get an education will learn as the fruit of bitter experience that a moral sense is a more valuable possession than Greek. In the eye of the law he is no less guilty than if his crime had been instigated by a desire to play the races. Yet his excuse at least extenuates his offense to the point of making him an object of sympathy. Some boys who became great men solved the hard problem by living on bread and water and burning the midnight candle.

SUBWAY ART.

The fine art of Subway advertising seems to be in a bad way. The Rapid-Transit Commission has now joined the alliance of its foes and has ordered the Interborough Rapid-Transit Company to stop placing advertising signs in the Subway stations.

Alas! How can we ever hope to become a community of culture and refinement when art is thus strangled at its birth?

The poster advertisers were rapidly uplifting us from vandalism to aesthetics. They were educating our sense of form and color, till we could thrill with the subtle beauties of a carmine corset upon a purple background, could palpitate with joy at the chiaroscuro of an ultramarine whiskey bottle against a gamboge sunset, could almost faint with ecstasy at the composition of lilac lingerie amid a sea-green cloud effect.

Are beautiful works of art like these never to cast their lambent lustre from Subway walls? Are we nevermore to be carried between two panoramas of gorgeous glory? Are we to be deprived of our chaste joy in these fair visions by the professional jealousy of a Municipal Art Society and the Philistinism of a Rapid-Transit Commission?

Alas! It seems as though in our Subway we shall have to lose the new and higher art which finds expression in corsets and whiskeys and patent medicines, and content ourselves with crude white tiles and simple frescoes.

It will be a sad blow to lovers of subterranean picture-galleries.

The Historical Society's New Home.—The interest of the general public in the housing of the Historical Society in a new home in Central Park West lies in the fact that another storehouse of art and literary treasures will be available for popular use. In the present inconvenient home of the society in Second avenue these treasures have been difficult of access. The new structure will likewise form an acceptable addition to the long vista of imposing buildings which is making of Central Park West one of the most notable avenues in the city, architecturally.

THE SLAUGHTER AT PORT ARTHUR.

If the Japanese have lost 75,000 or even 40,000 lives in the assaults on Port Arthur, as is variously estimated, they have furnished the strongest possible argument for the abolition of war. Accepting the larger figure, a reader conception of the tremendous sacrifice of life involved can be got by imagining the entire regular army of the United States and 15,000 volunteers in addition wiped out in a single campaign of a few months' duration. It represents almost ten times our losses in the Mexican War. It far exceeds the mortality of what have hitherto been the world's bloodiest battles.

According to Mulhall's computation, the world's losses in war from 1793 to 1880 amounted to 4,470,000 lives. It has been a terrible tax on national progress for the pleasure of princes. Yet in the dreadful record of human sacrifice there is no entry comparable in awfulness with this slaughter in the Russian fortifications.

Ruskin said that every nation with a war on its hands should wear mourning until the conclusion of peace. On Japan this obligation now rests in a double sense.

Willie Wise Gene Carr's Brainy Kid Tries to Save the Pie



Love of the Middle-Aged.

By Nikola Greeley-Smith



Nikola Greeley-Smith, writes, "marry young girls?"

"Must not these young women have idealized their elderly lovers' personalities, or could it have been that seasoned mentality charmed their youthful fancies? Then why should not the superior mind of a middle-aged woman charm a young man into overlooking her wrinkles and avoiding matrimony?"

"Really, do you think it is the best love that loves only youthful beauty? It appears to me to be poor stuff indeed, and that when a man or woman can look further than the mere shell, and can see in the cultivated mind or the warm heart or the sweet disposition of the middle-aged more to admire than mere bread-and-butter beauty, it is a proof not of grandeur but of sanity."

This is all very well. But why should it be taken for granted that the middle-aged woman has a superior mind? Because beauty goes it doesn't follow that wisdom replaces it. A fact universally commented on by educators the world over is that in extreme youth girls exhibit superior mental capacity to boys of the same age, but that this superiority is not permanent, that the girls attain a certain degree of cultivation and then stagnate or even retrograde.

There are middle-aged women with superior minds, but the superior mind, as much theirs at thirty as it is at fifty. We gain in polish and stability as we grow older, and it may be that our characters improve with age, though even that is doubtful. For who has not known a young, enthusiastic girl to be seized by age into a grasping, quivering-fact mother of marriageable children, upon whom the young man's security of a rich husband and the whole duty of woman. Then we see her, old and formal, fitted to her part. With a little board of matrimony preaching down a daughter's heart.

However, age, which may bring this blight to the flowers of sentiment in the garden of the young woman's thoughts, is not without a similar effect on man. But men really seem to preserve youthfulness of soul longer than women.

We do not shrink from the idea of a girl of twenty marrying a man of forty. We do not shrink from the idea of a man of forty marrying a woman of twenty. We do not shrink from the idea of a man of forty marrying a woman of twenty. We do not shrink from the idea of a man of forty marrying a woman of twenty.

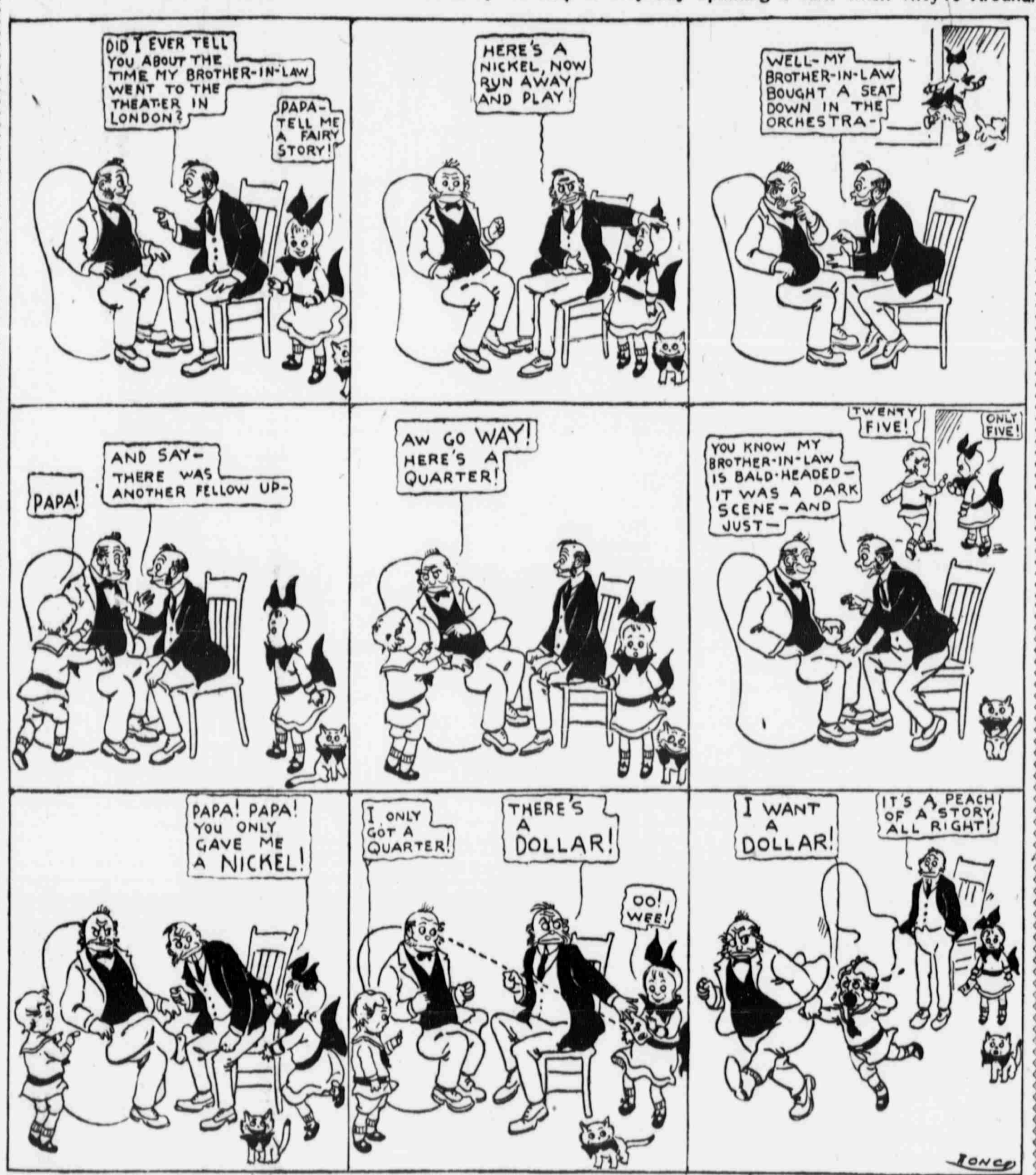
Madeline now fully realized the peril of her position. The burglars and murderers who had before rifled the place might return at any moment.

The knocking at the front door resounded again through the silent house. The girl saw she had no other means of exit and resolved to put a bold front on the matter.

She went downstairs quickly, carrying her precious burden with her, and threw the front door wide open. To her relief Mrs. Slope stood alone at the threshold.

Mary Jane Spoils One of Papa's Best Stories.

She and Kickums Are Certainly No Help to Anybody Spinning a Yarn When They're Around.



A THRILLING NEW YORK ROMANCE

The Varick St. Diamonds

LOVE MYSTERY A MISER'S GOLD

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Madeline Slope, a young girl who is known as Jared Haskins, a murdered man's daughter, is a young lady. She is a young lady who is known as Jared Haskins, a murdered man's daughter. She is a young lady who is known as Jared Haskins, a murdered man's daughter.

"You're pretty clever, aren't you?" asked the woman, who had been drinking, as soon as she saw Madeline. "Perhaps a little too clever."

Mrs. Slope held out a small emerald in the palm of her hand as she spoke. The jewels would be secured if she were smashing the old writing desk, eh? Ha, you know now, don't you? She started, seeing the girl start at her words.

Madeline repeated herself quickly. "I'll make you." "What was to be done with the stones?" After a moment's thought, the girl hit on a course of action.

She knew the home address of Mr. Hanbury, manager of the bank. She knew, too, that he probably had a burglar-proof safe in his own house. She disposed of the jewels and papers in various parts of her dress and hat and stitching them in place she made ready to start.

CHAPTER IX.
An Ominous Interview—A Strange Love Letter—A "Hold-Up" in a Cab, and a Street Fight.

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"Would you mind my staying here now to put things to rights, Miss Bentley?"

"I'd rather have you do it to-morrow."

The Man Higher Up

BY MARTIN GREEN.

August Belmont and Those Much-Discussed Subway Signs.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that some people are kicking against advertising signs on the Subway stations."

"Where do they start the kick from?" asked The Man Higher Up. "Do they think that Mr. August Belmont is running the Subway for the pleasure of riding through it on his private car? The people have nothing to do with the Subway beyond coughing up a nickel a throw for the privilege of going to Harlem in fifteen minutes. It is Mr. Belmont's Subway."

"Of course, the money of the people built it, but the people haven't got sense enough to pick out a man or a bunch of men who might know how to run it. Mr. Belmont says so himself."

"Mr. Belmont says—and he is backed up by that eminent authority on civic affairs, Mr. George L. Rives—that talk of public ownership is 'undigested.' It is all right, these gentlemen assure the people, for the people to build a subway, but when it comes down to pulling off the profits resulting from its operation the people mustn't declare themselves."

"Of course, we run our own water supply. That is the reason why the Croton aqueduct isn't a panorama of advertising signs and why the fire plugs of the city are not covered with snipes. We run our own Fire Department. If private enterprise had it we would see signs on the fire engines reading, 'Follow the Engine to Hausburner's.'"

"Coming down to the Subway again, it seems to me that we are too peevish about it. It appears from the testimony of Teala, the expert, that instead of getting 18-karat electricity the Subway people are handing out 14-karat. Everybody is kicking about the posts. What do they expect to hold up the roof? The real reason why the posts were put in the Subway, however, was to prevent people from looking out the windows under pain of accumulating headaches, thus forcing them to concentrate their attention upon the neat and edifying advertising matter tacked up along the roofs of the cars."

"I've heard people say," remarked the Cigar Store Man, "that the glazed tiles reminded them of the interior of an up-to-date fish market."

"Whether suckers are edible fish or not," replied The Man Higher Up, "the comparison looks to be extremely apt."

The "Fudge" Idiotical.

Why Express Trains on Subway Are Often Late.
Evening Fudge Explains How They Could Be Run on Schedule Time.
(Copyright, 1904, by the Planet Pub. Co.)

The statement has been made that some of the Subway express trains do not run on schedule time, and THE EVENING FUDGE has been publishing daily charts showing HOW MUCH SOONER a wall-eyed mule can reach the boneyard than a Subway express train can reach Hoboken.

There is a remedy for this slowness. THE EVENING FUDGE is here to show THE COMMON PEOPLE how it may be accomplished. Twenty-five reporters, armed with the best stop-watches they could painlessly purloin from fellow-passengers, have been timing the Subway express, and have made the following REMARKABLE DISCOVERY:

ONE OF THE CHIEF reasons why express trains do not keep up with their schedules is because they STOP at various stations and let passengers on and off. THIS MUST BE STOPPED. The Subway expresses (bought with the COMMON PEOPLE'S money) SHALL run on time. To do this they shall henceforth stop at NO stations. Passengers will NOT be allowed to board trains at Brooklyn Bridge, and the first stop will be One Hundred and Forty-fifth street. If THIS reform does not make expresses run on time, the trains will be FURTHER lightened by TAKING OFF THE GUARDS AND MOTORMEN. Thus underground rapid transit will become a boon to THE COMMON PEOPLE unequalled by ANYTHING EXCEPT THIS PAPER.

In the days of SARD'NAPALUS
How did COMMON FOLK regale us?
They'd THIRD-RAIL us!